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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Opera Night at the Fenice.

"Writing," says Lord Bacon, "makes an exact man." Upon this hint, M. Honoré de Balzac has written. Not only is it true of him that no man ever "wrote himself" with such determined perseverance into so good a style—no man ever made his business more subserve his general education. Within all his romances, whatever be the envelope, whether the sugar of sentiment or the pepper of passion, one is pretty sure to find a healthful pill of science. Lovely ladies unexpectedly engage you in a discourse on agriculture, a prose Georgic of the 19th century,—you are lulled to rest in the richest and quaintest and coziest of Flemish chambers to hear a lecture on chemistry from a Polish dragoon out of service. Your feelings are harrowed by the most elaborate representation of the sufferings of a virtuous and noble son left to struggle with his young wife in the grasp of misery by an avaricious old father, only that you may turn with the attention of a relieved and grateful mind to a history of the paper manufacture in France.

Do you suppose that in thus lavishing his learning upon his love tales, Balzac means to "popularize the highest instruction," or even to act the part of a *Berquin*, by you? Not at all. *Pas si bête!* M. de Balzac is a priest of Love and the Church of Rome; when he talks science it is as a priest talks his theology, not to instruct but to confound and impose upon you. This is his object so far as you, his fair reader, are concerned. Beyond this and in regard to himself, we may be sure that the fifteen octavos of *La Comédie Humaine* were to him a series of Memoranda, aiding him to retain the various acquirements he made in the course of his indefatigably studious existence.

As we have not undertaken here to criticize Balzac's works, but merely to steal from them for the benefit of our musical friends, we may be permitted to say that the view we have taken of his writings allows us a delightful liberty in the way of retrenchment and omission, of which we shall avail ourselves in setting forth, or *oversetting*, as the Germans have it, into English, some passages of *Massimilla Doni*, which particular story Balzac has the honesty to own was written under the direction of a musical feuilletonist.

Balzac was as scrupulously faithful in the execution of his work as any artizan of Paris, and the *couleur locale* of the following description of an opera night in Venice is most admirably rendered. As for the comments of the Duchess upon Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*, we certainly might take exceptions thereto, but they come most naturally from her lips, and they are at least conceived in the true spirit in which great musical compositions should be judged. Balzac "studied under the best teachers" and Jacques Strunz was a superior man.

The scene of our story is laid at Venice, and, of course, in the time of the Austrian dominion. The habitués of the Fenice are excited by the promise of two débuts. A great cantatrice, La Tinti, and a great tenor, Genovese, are announced to appear together in the *Mosé*. On the first night however the tenor only appears in the *Barbieri*, and has one of those insane triumphs which are granted to singers in Italy. La Tinti is unwell. For the second night *Mosé in Egitto* is announced and this time we shall hear the Tinti whose illness, according to the babblers at the cafés, was improvised in consequence of a quarrel between the tenor, who passionately loves the prima donna, and the prima donna, who cares nothing for him.

In the box of Massimilla Doni, Duchess di Cataneo, are assembled that lady, a lovely Florentine, a young Venetian prince, her *cavaliere servente*, and a French physician employed by her husband, the Duke, an old man whose only passion is music and who has educated La Tinti, whom he found when a child in the house of a Sicilian innkeeper. The Duke leaves his box, referring the Frenchman to the Duchess as the best interpreter possible of the *chef-d'œuvre* they are about to enjoy.

"Does an Italian opera, then, really need a cicerone?" asks the physician.

"This is really not an opera, monsieur, but an oratorio," answers the lady, "a work which really resembles one of our magnificent cathedrals and through which I will gladly be your guide. Believe me, it will not be too much to grant our great Rossini the undivided attention of your whole mind, for in order to understand the full meaning of such music one ought to be both a musician and a poet. Music, as the great masters have created it, and as great masters yet to come will continue and expand it, is a new art, an art unknown to the past, which neither possessed so many instruments as ourselves, nor had any idea of Harmony, from which, as from a fruitful soil, the flowers of Melody now spring. An art so new demands new studies, studies which shall develop the sentiment which music addresses. This sentiment hardly exists among you in France, who are so occupied with philosophical theories, with analyses and discussions, and who are forever tormented with internal dissensions. Modern music, which demands profound peace, is the language of tender, loving souls, of souls inclined to a noble interior exaltation. This tongue, a thousand-fold richer than speech, is to speech what thought is to words: it arouses our sensations and our ideas in their own proper shapes, and leaves them precisely what they are in every case. This power over our inward being is one of the grandeurs of music. Other arts impose definite creations upon the mind; the creations of music are indefinite, infinite. We are obliged to accept the ideas of the poet, the picture of the painter, the statue of the sculptor, but each of us interprets music according to the dictates of his joy or his sorrow, his hope or his despair. Where the other arts enclose our thoughts by fixing them upon some determinate thing, music gives them the freedom of the whole universe, which she has the power of expressing to us. You

shall see how I understand the Moses of Rossini."

She stooped towards the Frenchman and whispered to him, "Moses is the liberator of an enslaved people! Remember that, and you will see with what a religious hope the whole Fenice will listen to the prayer of the delivered Hebrews!"

When the orchestra had sounded the three chords in C major, with which the master begins his work, to make us understand that his overture will be sung, (for the true overture is the vast theme which runs on from this sudden opening to the point at which the light appears at the command of Moses,) the Duchess could not repress a convulsive movement, which showed how perfectly this music accorded with her hidden grief.

"How those three chords seem to freeze one!" she said. "They make us expect some great sorrow. Listen attentively to this introduction, the subject of which is the terrible elegy of a people smitten by the hand of God. What groanings! The king—the queen—their heir—the nobles—the whole people are sighing, they are wounded in their pride, in their conquests, suddenly arrested in their greedy ambition. Dear Rossini! thou didst well to throw this bone to the *Tedeschi*, who denied us the gift of harmony and of science. An Italian alone could have written this theme, so fruitful, so inexhaustible, so thoroughly Dantesque. Do you believe it is nothing to dream, for one moment, of vengeance?"

Thus the Duchess spoke whilst the curtain was rising. Then the Frenchman listened to the sublime symphony with which the composer opened the vast biblical scene. He is to express the grief of a whole people. Grief is always uniform in its expression, especially the grief of physical sufferings. So, after having instructively divined, like all men of genius, that there ought to be no variety in his ideas, the musician, having once formed his leading phrase, has passed it through all gradations of tone, grouping his masses and his personages together upon this *motif* by cadences and modulations of the most admirable flexibility. In this simplicity we recognize power. How thrilling is the effect of this phrase which represents the sensations produced by cold and darkness upon a people born and bathed continually in the luminous waves of the sunlight! This slow, musical movement seems positively pitiless. This cool, mournful phrase suggests to us the image of the whole people bound like a criminal upon the slowly revolving wheel, to be broken in every limb, beneath the regularly recurring strokes of the Divine Justice. . . .

And the Frenchman was conscious of the deepest emotion, when finally burst out the explosion of all these united sorrows:

O, Nume d'Israel!
Se brami in libertà
Il popol tuo fedel
Di lui, di noi pietà!

(Oh God of Israel! if thou desirest the freedom of thy people, have pity on them and on us!)

"Never was there a more complete idealization of Nature. In great national misfortunes, each one for a long time laments by himself, then there arise above the mass, here and there, cries of anguish more or less violent,—finally, when the suffering has become universal, it breaks forth like a tempest. When once they have come to an understanding of their common misery, the low murmurs of the people become outcries of impa-

tience. Thus has Rossini proceeded. After the explosion in C major, Pharaoh chants his sublime recitative: *Mane ultrice di un Dio!* The original theme assumes a sharper accent. All Egypt summons Moses to help her!"

The Duchess had availed herself of the interval required by the arrival of Moses and Aaron to explain this fine passage. "Let them weep!" she added passionately, "let them weep! Egyptians, expiate the sins of your senseless Court! With what art this master has employed all the sombre hues of music, all the gloom of the musical palette! What cold shadows, what frosts! We no longer perceive either the palaces, the palm-trees or the landscape of Egypt. And how blessed will be the effect upon the heart of the religious notes of the heavenly physician who is coming to heal these wounds! How everything is graduated to bring us to the Invocation of Moses! This invocation, you will observe, is only accompanied by brass instruments. These it is which give to this passage its grand, religious tone. Not only is this arrangement admirable in this place, Rossini has even drawn new beauty from the obstacles he thus put in his way. He has been enabled to reserve the stringed instruments to express the day which will follow the darkness, and thus he will attain one of the most powerful effects known in music. Till the time of this inimitable genius was ever so much power drawn from a recitative? We have not yet had one air, one duo. The poet has sustained himself by the force of his thoughts, the vigor of his images."

[To be continued.]

[From the Manchester Examiner.]

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LECTURE ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE

Arts of Production and the Arts of Design.

(Continued from p. 180.)

Now, let us proceed to what may be considered a higher branch of Art, and that is Sculpture. We shall find exactly the same principle go throughout: all the greatest artists of the most flourishing period were men who did their own work. You are probably aware—many, I have no doubt, are—at the present day, when a sculptor has to produce a statue, he first of all makes his model in clay—probably a drawing first, then a small model, then a model exactly as he intends the statue to be full-sized and completely finished; from this the cast is taken in plaster; the block of marble of proper size is put beside it, and a frame over it from which there hang threads with weights; these form the points from which the workman measures, from corresponding lines, first to the models, and then from these which are over the cast to the cast itself; and by means of the merest mechanical process he gradually cuts away the marble to the shape of his cast, and often brings it so near to the finished work that the artist himself barely spends a few weeks upon it. This was so much the case with a very eminent sculptor, that it is well known he hardly ever had occasion to touch it. Now, that was not the way the ancients worked; they knew perfectly well that there was more feeling in the few touches which the master-hand gives, even from the very beginning of the work, than there can be in the low and plodding process of mechanical labor; and we find those who were really exquisite sculptors in ancient times were also their own workmen. Vasari tells us of Oragna, that he made at Florence seven figures, all with his own hand, in marble, which yet exist. Now, Oragna was certainly a remarkable person. He was a sculptor, a painter, and an artist; and so justly vain, if one may so speak, of this varied character of his Art that upon his monuments or sculptures he calls himself

a painter; upon his paintings he always calls himself a sculptor: his paintings are to be found in the cemetery at Pisa. The most beautiful and splendid of his works is the matchless altar in the Church of San Michaeli, in Florence, of which, I am glad to say, there will be an exact copy in the future Crystal Palace. This artist, now, whose work is certainly most beautiful, most finished, as far as we can gather from his life, actually did the work with his own hands, and carved the whole of the marble himself.

I shall have occasion to speak of another celebrated artist under another head, and therefore I will mention one who became very celebrated, and from whose life it is evident that he did the whole of the carving with his own hands, and that is Brunelleschi. He lived at the period when Art was truly becoming most beautiful—the period which just preceded the appearance, perhaps, of a still greater artist, but who in some respects, departed from the purest principles of Art. He was the contemporary of Donatello, and they were both very great friends, and worked even in the same church. An anecdote related by Vasari, in the life of Donatello, will show us how truly Brunelleschi was not merely a sculptor, but a carver, who performed the work with his own hand. He tells us that Donatello had received a commission to carve a crucifix, which yet exists in the Church of Santa Croce, under a beautiful painting by Taddeo Gaddi, and that he produced what was considered a very fine work, but he was anxious that his friend Brunelleschi should see and approve of it. He invited him, therefore, one day to inspect it, which shows that the work had been covered up and concealed during the execution. Brunelleschi looked at it and said nothing. His friend Donatello felt hurt. He said—"I have brought you here to give me your opinion; tell me candidly what do you think of it?" "Well, then," Brunelleschi said, "I will tell you at once, that is a figure, not of Christ, but of a peasant or a rustic." Donatello was indignant. It was perhaps the most beautiful specimen of the subject in carving which had been produced; and he used an expression which became a proverb, and I cannot help remarking how many expressions of artists have turned into proverbs. The expression in Italian means this—"Take you a piece of wood and make another." Brunelleschi did not reply. He went home. He did take a piece of wood. He said nothing to Donatello, and he carved his crucifix. When it was quite finished, he met Donatello, and said, "Will you come and sup with me this evening?" Now, I narrate this anecdote partly because it shows us what the great artists were—that they were not great gentlemen living in any particular style. (Applause.) "I will do so with pleasure," said Donatello. "Then come along," and Brunelleschi, as they went, stopped at the market, bought eggs and cheese for their supper, put them in an apron, and said to Donatello, "Now, you carry these to my house while I buy something else, and I'll follow you." Donatello entered the room, saw the crucifix, let fall his apron, and smashed his eggs. (Laughter and cheers.) Brunelleschi soon followed, and found Donatello with his hands stretched out and his mouth open, looking at this wonderful work. "Come," said he to Donatello, "where's our supper?" "I have had my supper," said he; "you get what you can out of what is left." And then, like a true, noble-hearted, generous artist, he took his friend by the hand, and said, "You are made to represent Christ; I only to represent peasants." (Cheers.) Now, this shows, as I said before, that this poor artist carried on his own work with his own hands, shut up in his own house; in fact, that as Vasari tells us, he never allowed any one to see it until it was quite completed.

There can be no doubt that among all the names celebrated in Art, there is not one that can be put in comparison with that of Michael Angelo; a man who, not merely from his follower, disciple, and intimate, Vasari, but even from jealous, and envious, and ill-tempered Benvenuto Cellini, receives constantly the epithet of "the divine." No man certainly ever had such a wonderful soul for Art, in every department—the cupola of St. Peter,

as an architect; his Moses and his Christ, as a sculptor; and his Last Judgment, on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, as a painter, are three monuments which would have made the eternal fame, not of three, but of a hundred artists in each department. (Applause.) Great, noble, generous, and, though perhaps somewhat in his temper not amiable, yet sternly honest in all his dealings, he seems to have been the great centre, around which the Art of his period revolved. There was no one so great, so sublime in any particular branch of it, that did not look up to Michael Angelo, and consider him his superior. It is acknowledged that Raffaele went into the Sistine Chapel, and saw Angelo's wonderful works, and changed entirely his style upon beholding them; and it is particularly acknowledged by the writers of that time that in every other department he was considered equally supreme. Now, you would suppose that this man, upon whom commissions poured in every day for great works, would have employed a number of artisans to assist him; that he would have had carefully prepared models, which he would have entrusted to skilful artificers, so as to lighten his labor; but no such thing. There is every evidence we can desire that from the beginning to the end, Michael Angelo performed the whole of his own work; that he began with the piece of marble as it came from the quarry; that, if not always, pretty generally, he did not even condescend to make a design, or beyond a small wax model, but immediately set to work with chisel and mallet on the figure which he had in his imagination, and which he knew was as truly lurking in the inanimate block. Vasari shows us, in fact, from his unfinished pieces, in what way he must have mapped out the marble and done the work himself; and that is why we have so many vast pieces by him unfinished; either the stroke did not come out as he desired, or it went too far into the marble, and spoilt his labor. But so it is, that by the greater part of those gigantic pieces which he finished, if not all, were the productions of his own hand, as well as of his own intellect.

When about seventy-five years of age, Vasari tells us, he used to be just as indefatigable with his chisel and hammer as when he was a stout young man; he had near his bedroom, if not in it (for he lived in a most primitive and simple manner), an immense block of marble, and when he had nothing else to do he used to be hammering at that, and when asked why he so continually worked at this branch of his various Arts he used to reply that he did it for amusement to pass his time, and that it was good for his health to take exercise with the mallet. He undertook at that age, out of an enormous block of marble, to bring out four figures larger than life, representing the descent from the cross; and he had nearly worked out the figure of Our Lord when, happening to meet with a vein that was hard and troublesome, he one day broke it into half a dozen pieces. It was seen in this state by a friend, and his servant begged it for him. It was put together, and it is now to be seen at Florence. But Vasari says that it was necessary, in order to give him occupation, to get another large block of marble and put it near his bed, that so he might continue at his work, and he began another group of the same sort. This was at the age of 75. And Vasari gives us an interesting account of how he worked: he says he was remarkably sober, and while performing his greatest works, such as the paintings, he rarely took more than a crust of bread and a glass of wine for his dinner. This sobriety, he says, made him very vigilant, and not requiring much sleep; and very often in the night he used to rise when he could not sleep, and then he worked away with his chisel, having made for himself a sort of helmet, or cap, out of pasteboard, and upon the middle of this, in the top, he had his candle, so that the shadow of his body never could be thrown upon the work.

Apropos of this, Vasari tells us an anecdote which is interesting, as showing the character of Michael Angelo and of his time. Vasari observes that he never used wax candles for this purpose, but a particular sort of candles made of goat's tallow, which, he says, are particularly excellent.

Wishing to make him a present, he (Vasari) sent to Michael Angelo his servant one day with four bags of these particular candles, containing 40lbs. of them. The servant brought them, and Michael Angelo, who never accepted a present, told him to take them back again; he would not receive them. The servant said, "They have nearly broken my arm in bringing them; and I shall not carry them back." "Then do what you like with them," said Michael Angelo. "Then," replied the servant, "I observed, as I came to your house, that just before your door there was a nice bed of just hardened mud; I'll go and stick all the candles in this, and light them all, and leave them there." Michael Angelo said, "No, I can't allow you to make such a confusion as there would be about my door; so you may leave them." This shows the homely and friendly way in which the artists lived among themselves. (Cheers.)

Now, we have a very interesting account of the manner in which he used to work at this marble, from a contemporary French writer, who says: "I can say that I have seen Michael Angelo when he was about sixty years of age, and not then very robust, make the fragments of marble fly about at such a rate that he cut off more in a quarter of an hour than three strong young men could have done in an hour, a thing almost incredible to any one who has not seen it; and he used to work with such fury, with such an impetus, that it was feared he would have dashed the whole marble to pieces, making at each stroke chips of three or four fingers' thick fly off into the air;" and that with a material in which, if he had gone only a hair's breadth too far, he would have totally destroyed the work, which could not be restored like plaster or clay.

Going now to another part of the world for the same Art, we return to Nuremberg, and find a most magnificent piece of sculpture in stone, unrivalled in the delicacy and exquisite beauty of the work; that is the tabernacle in the Church of Saint Lawrence. It rises from the ground and goes up, not merely to the top of a very high church, running along like a plant, with one of the pillars against which it is built; but, as if the church was not high enough for it, creeping far beyond, and making the most graceful termination, which has nothing similar in works of this sort. So beautiful and delicate is the whole work, representing all the mysteries of Our Lord's Life and Passion, that, for a long time, people used to assert that it was not stone, but modelled in some composition. But it has been proved beyond doubt that it is stone. Now, the man who made this was a mason—a common working stone-mason—Adam Kraft, who built part of the tower of the church, and whose name is upon it as the mason who built it; and he until 1490, when he was 53 years of age, had never attempted to work as a sculptor; and yet before he died he had not only executed many beautiful works, and among them a carved staircase in the tower, but this exquisite work, which is without a parallel. He has represented the whole of it as supported by three kneeling figures, himself and his two apprentices, who executed alone the whole work.

We see, therefore, that wherever there has really been grand or noble work executed in statuary by sculptors, they have been artificers as well as designers; they have done the work with their own hands, as well as imagined it in their own fancies. (Cheers.)

Let us go now to another department of Art. We have treated of metals and carved work in wood and stone. Let us go now to pottery. I have already observed that those beautiful vases, known by the name of Etruscan, were really made, originally, for domestic use; that, consequently, they were made by the potter, and not by a fine artist only—this has been fully proved. It used to be thought at one time that they were all funereal, or of symbolical use, being found almost entirely in tombs; but it has been proved that the greater part of them were for the common domestic purposes of the table and the household—that some, indeed, were given as prizes at the games, filled with oil; others were marriage presents, kept with more care in houses; but still they were the work of the potter, and must have

been produced entirely by hand. This was so much considered as a branch of Art that, in early Rome, in the time of Numa, there was a College of Potters—they were ennobled by being made a special guild. Any one who went through the Exhibition must have been particularly struck with the elegance of forms which prevailed in all the Indian, and also in the Turkish pottery; and the common vessels, used to carry water on the head by the peasantry of Italy and Spain, have the same elegance of form which very little of our china, or of our finest pottery, can exhibit; and the question naturally suggests itself—how is this, that in many other countries there should be such beautiful productions, and at the same time that we should not be able to give the same beauty of form? The answer to this is given, I think, very correctly by Mr. Digby Wyatt, in his beautiful work on the late Exhibition. He observes, that "there can be no doubt that the reason of this beauty in the old pottery and in that of the East is, that it is made entirely by the workman himself. There can be little doubt that the most beautiful forms of Greek and Etruscan vases have been generated by a simple process of formation, and by the refined delicacy of touch, acquired by the potter during years of practice. The perfect outline of some of the commonest objects of pottery from India, Tunis, Turkey, and the rest, demonstrates the methods by which contours, equal in grace to the Etrurian and those of Magna Græcia, have been produced. In the finer work of pottery, among us, a distinct person is employed to design from him who makes the object; the one makes the pattern, and a mould is probably made of the same figure as is given. But in the ancient and Oriental objects the beauty of form is attributed to the Art being literally in the potter's fingers; and he acquires by the manipulation a fineness of touch, a delicacy of eye, which enables him to produce beautiful forms, which no one in the abstract could imagine." This is corroborated by the fact that, in the British Museum, in the great gallery where the Etruscan vases are kept, you will not find two—and if you search the Vatican and Bourbon Museum, and all the collections in Europe, you will not find two, perfectly alike; there is a difference in them, which shows they were not produced by a model, but simply out of the hand; and I have no doubt that the influence of this working in clay is to be traced in all the works in metal and in glass of the ancients—because, no doubt, the eye of the man who worked in bronze had been formed by his familiarity with the beautiful patterns which came forth every day from the hands of the workmen in clay. I find, too, it is mentioned in Pliny that when a knight named Octavius, in the time of Augustus, wished to have a vase made, it cost him a talent, or upwards of £50, to have the model made; which shows that the clay model was to be moulded before the marble vase was sculptured. In this Art, then, the producer is the designer, the artist is the artisan, and hence comes perfect beauty.

Next to this must be mentioned a very important branch of Productive Art, in which the Art of Design is always necessary to be in combination with the actual manufacture; and that is china, or painting upon pottery. The Etruscan vases are often simple, sometimes of one color, sometimes they have nothing but ornament; at other times they have most beautifully executed, though sketchy, scenes of ancient mythology, or very frequently from the Iliad. These are done in a way which shows that there must have been hundreds of artists who could do that work. Very frequently it was not a painter who did them, but the man who was at work on the pottery throughout; and although mere sketches, they are considered as containing the elements of very beautiful drawing. If we come to speak of this Art in modern times, a remarkable instance of genius persevering in its work may be taken from the history of Bernard Pailissy. He was an artist, but as a painter of comparatively humble pretensions, for he tells us he used to paint figures, images, and so on; but in this he was an artist, to a certain extent. He tells us himself, in the biography he has written, that in 1544, when

there seemed not to have been anything approaching to ornamental pottery in France, he happened to see an Italian cup, which struck him as being very beautiful; and he thought to himself—"Why could not this be produced in France?" He set to work. He was a poor man, hardly educated; but he had a great turn for chemistry, and was particularly desirous of finding out a manner of enamelling pottery, and especially a white enamel, which he at length contrived to make. He took his work to be baked in glass-houses, and found it completely fail; then he set to work in his own house, and he built a furnace for the purpose. He put his ingredients into the furnace; they would not set or harden. He had spent all his money, and he gradually pawned all his clothes, and burnt every article of furniture to keep up the furnace, and pulled up the fruit trees in his garden, and then the very floor of the house, to keep up the fire. Still the work was all spoiled. When he went out, the people charged him with being a coiner; he was ridiculed as mad, and every sort of annoyance came on him. He persevered yet; and having found that his furnace would not act, he pulled it down, and with his own hands bringing the lime and bricks, he built another furnace, and then sat for six days and nights watching the fire. Then he began to succeed; he got a little money by having a commission to make a survey, and came back to his work, and tried again. The mortar he used, however, happened to have some person in it; and just as the pottery was going to set, he heard a crack, and the pebbles in the mortar began to fly, and broke his enamel. He set to work again, and put his materials again in the fire, and this time there was a tremendous explosion, and the ashes burst in; and the whole of his work was covered with black, so firmly set into the enamel, that it all had to be thrown away except a few pieces, by which he made a trifle. For sixteen years he persevered in this way; and then was crowned with success, and produced the first specimens of colored and beautiful pottery, such as are to this day sought by the curious; and he received a situation in the king's household, and ended his days in comfort and respectability. (Cheers.)

I could mention the beautiful earthenware of the sixteenth century, known by the name of Raphael's ware, because it is supposed that Raphael himself did not disdain to make designs for common pottery—pottery not to be used merely by the rich, but to be found in the common cottages, and houses of ordinary classes; the most beautiful specimens being in the apothecaries' shops of Padua and Verona. There we have the employment of high Art in the decoration of a common and ordinary object; for the pottery itself has no particular pretensions to elegance of make; but yet one of these plates, thick, heavy, clumsy, and coarse as they are, is worth a service of modern production.

Another department is statuary in pottery, which presents some very interesting features in the history of Art. Its very origin is exceedingly interesting. Pliny gives it to us as the invention of a certain potter, whose daughter, when parting with a youth to whom she was engaged, did what I dare say some of you have often done—made him stand before the lamp, so as to throw his shadow on the wall, and so sketched his head and face; and the father, wishing to preserve this sketch, took some of his clay and filled up the outline, and made a bas-relief of the countenance. That piece of pottery, at the time when the Romans first became acquainted with Art, and carried away the monuments of Greece, was preserved in the Temple of the Nymphs, at Corinth, as a treasure of Art—as the first germ from which had been developed some of the most beautiful productions of that kind. (Cheers.) By the time of the Roman kings of the race of Tarquin, the inhabitants of Italy had arrived at such perfection in this Art that they used to make chariots, horses, and other representations of clay, so well baked that they could be placed in the open air, and stood for many centuries without injury; and, in fact, we find them now among the Etruscan monuments. The Romans must also have learned well how to paint them; because we find it stated

that there was an artist, whom Varro particularly mentions, who imitated fruit in pottery so perfectly as to deceive any one, and make one think it was real.

But the most interesting example of this application of high Art to such products is what we find in the life of an eminent artist, and at the same time a potter, Luca della Robbia. He was put, when quite a boy, apprentice to a jeweller; he very soon began to make things in bronze; he gave up mere small modelling, and began upon marble, and succeeded very well. He worked the whole of the day at his chiselling, and sat up all the night drawing. He was poor; he was hungry and cold, and the only means he had of warming himself at night was to put his feet in a basket of shavings, while he sat there drawing, and would not be driven from it. Now, there was an education for him—beginning first with small work and exercising his patience and skill in that way. (Cheers.) Sigismund Malatesta, the great patron of Art at Rimini, was then building a splendid church, and he sent to Florence to find workmen to do the carving; and Luca della Robbia was engaged for this purpose. He had at that time been a silversmith's apprentice, had executed works in marble and bronze, and was set to undertake that noble work at Rimini; and how old was he when Sigismund engaged him? He was *fifteen*; and what pains and study must have been gone through in that time by the poor boy to make himself really an artist! He succeeded admirably at Rimini, and came back and received a commission to work with Donatello, to make a screen for an organ, and a bronze door. After all this, he suddenly discovered a totally new branch of Art—modelling in pottery. He first contrived to manufacture his own clay; he then discovered a mode of glazing it to such a perfection, that centuries of weather do not in the least affect it. He then contrived to color it in the most beautiful manner; and all Florence, and every part of Italy, may be said to be filled with works of Art equal to anything produced in marble, and valued as high. He went on improving his art; he began, then, tessellated pavements and outsides of churches, which are most beautiful; and then, taking to himself not a number of workmen, to mould under him, but two near relatives of his, who were also artists and sculptors in marble, and who left marble to come to work in clay, this family carried on the same work to the third generation, when the secret of the art expired with the family. But in those three generations, till Pope Leo gave them the commission of making the pavement of the Loggia of Raffaele, this family made an infinite number of original works of Art, executed by hand, colored and baked by themselves. Now, there is a whole family of artists, in whom the productive and the artistic skill were united. In our estimation we should say, what a descent that was, for a sculptor in bronze, in marble, to come to a mere potter! But I will read to you Vasari's sentiments on that subject, who, as the great biographer of artists, and who lived among artists, and was himself an artist, may be allowed to have a right sentiment upon it. He says: "Luke, therefore, passing from one sort of work to another, from marble to bronze, and from bronze to clay, did so, not from any idleness, nor from being like many others, capricious, unstable, and discontented with his Art, but because he felt himself drawn to new pursuits, and to an Art requiring less labor and time, and rendering him more gain; hence the world, and the Arts of design, became enriched with an Art, new, useful, and most beautiful; and he, with glory and praise, immortal and unailing."

We are told by Pliny, that it was in the time of Augustus the practice was introduced of painting the walls of houses. Temples were undoubtedly painted before, because he tells us that when the Temple of Ceres was falling into ruins, the paintings of Demophilus were cut away from the walls, as is sometimes done with frescoes, and put into frames in order to preserve them. On one occasion, by the way, the city of Rhodes was saved when Demetrius besieged it, because he feared a beautiful painting would be destroyed that was on

the wall of one of the buildings. This painting of walls corresponded to our paper hangings; what we do by putting on stained or colored paper, they did with the brush and the skill of the artist. The walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum are covered with most beautiful paintings, not merely ornamental patterns and arabesques; but there is such a mixture of the mere ornament, and of figures perfectly designed and colored, as to show that there was no distinction made then between the painter of a fresco and the house decorator; the artist was himself the performer of the work, and so beautiful is it, that we have hardly anything in modern times superior to what is commonly found on the walls of the private houses of cities which were in a province remote from the capital, and which had no particular recommendation, that we know of, as seats of Art.

We have an instance, also, in modern times. Perhaps one of the most beautiful productions of modern Art is the painting of that gallery to which I have alluded, where we see that Raffaele undertakes to do what now one would never think of committing to the hands of any one higher than a common house-decorator. No nobleman, nor even a monarch, would think of asking the first artist of the kingdom to design the ornament of a gallery, scroll work and grotesques, or mechanical ornament, which, now, would be done by a common process or a common hand. But, in a former age, there was no distinction made between what we now consider the higher and the lower sorts of Art; but the whole of Art was regarded as *one thing*; the greatest of artists considered it was his place to make even the smallest work, which might be insignificant in itself, great and noble, and to stamp the highest impress of Art on the commonest and most ordinary commissions that were given to him. (Cheers.)

(Conclusion next week.)

TWO SONNETS.

BY CHARLES TENNYSON.

[Charles Tennyson, the brother of Alfred, has published a small volume of poems, chiefly sonnets, from which volume, as it is but little known in this country, we propose to make, from time to time, a few extracts, which can hardly fail, we think, to convince our readers that Charles Tennyson is far from unworthy of the name he bears.]

SONNET VII.

Hence with your jeerings, petulant and low!
My love of home no circumstance can shake,
Too ductile for the change of place to break,
And far too passionate for most to know.
I and yon pollard oak have grown together;
How on yon slope the shifting sunsets lie
None knew so well as I, and setting hither
Flows the strong current of my sympathy.
From this same flower-bed, dear to memory,
I learned how margyolds do bloom and fade,
And from the grove that skirts this garden glade
I had my earliest thoughts of love and spring—
Ye wot not how the heart of man is made:
I learn but now what change the world can bring.

XXII.

I trust thee from my soul, Oh Mary dear!
But oftentimes when delight hath fullest power
Hope treads too lightly for herself to hear,
And doubt is ever by, until the hour!
I trust thee, Mary! but till thou art mine
Up from thy foot unto thy golden hair—
Oh! let me still misgive thee, and repine;
Uncommon doubts spring up with blessings rare!
Thine eyes of purest love give surest sign,
Drooping with fondness, and thy blushes tell
A fitting tale of steadiest faith and zeal;
Yet I will doubt, to make success divine!
A tide of summer dreams, with gentlest swell,
Will bear upon me then, and I shall love most well!

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—Talking about music—and our honorable members have been talking a great deal about it lately—a celebrated professor says: "You generally find that persons who are not fond of music play the flute."—*Punch*.

[From Novello's Musical Times.]

MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

[Continued from p 181.]

No. 4.—Thus doubly prefaced,—by the Overture which, we may suppose, epitomizes the subject of the entire work, and by the two first vocal pieces, which invoke Heaven for the blessing of "strength and joyfulness" to qualify the artist for his sacred task,—thus doubly prefaced, the action of the Oratorio commences.

In the selection and arrangement of the text, the composer has chosen to precede the entry of his principal character by such a representation of the times in which he appeared, and the circumstances by which his appearance was surrounded, as prepares us at once to appreciate the importance of St. Paul's mission and the transition his character undergoes when the oppressor of Christians becomes the apostle of Christianity. Accordingly, the incidents of the arraignment and martyrdom of St. Stephen are presented at such very considerable length as alone could do justice to their powerful interest, and thus is shown the enthusiastic zeal of the first teachers, and the fanatical violence of those who opposed them.

In the present piece is related the unanimity of the believers, the faith and power of Stephen, who works wonders amongst them, the inability of the Scribes to resist the influence of his wisdom, their suborning of men to speak against him, the declaration of these that they heard his blasphemy, and the activity of the Synagogue to excite the people and the Elders, who seize him and drag him before the Council.

The narrative portion of this is rendered in a Recitative for soprano solo, an episode in which is the short Duet for two basses, personating the false Witnesses, that graphically distinguishes the dramatic or personal words of the text from the narrative,—that which is done or said from that which is related.

Brief as is the Duet, the peculiar character of this carefully-considered fragment (expressed in the responsive phrases of the voices, and in the points of imitation carried through the ceaseless motion of the murmuring accompaniment, singularly colored by the orchestral distribution, which lies entirely between the viola, two violoncellos, and the double bass supported by the organ pedals), this peculiar character embodies a deep, though, perhaps therefore, not very obvious meaning, to penetrate which is quite worth the pains of an examination. Let us suppose, then, in the plausible phraseology in which the words of the Witnesses are conveyed, and in the reiterated corroboration by each of the testimony of the other, the most sedulous endeavor to justify by persuasion and to vindicate by asseveration the charge preferred, while the falsehood and the consequent cautious inconfidence of the speakers is indicated in the suppressed perturbation that forms an undercurrent of the whole. These men are not of the People, crying, under the misdirection of fanaticism, for what they believe to be justice upon a blasphemer, but they are the suborned Witnesses of the Synagogue, hired to inflame with their purposed perjury the fury of the multitude, conscious of their hollowness, and careful to conceal their falsehood and their shame in it. Such is, to me, the reading of the text embodied in the music.

The short Duet leaves off (closes, one cannot say, since what succeeds is still continuous), the duet leaves off with a dominant cadence, and an abrupt transition introduces the resumption of the Recitative. The new tonality, the hurried movement, and the addition to the score of the acute instruments, induce a contrast of color that forcibly illustrates the situation. We pass from the Witnesses to their employers, from their plausibility to wrath that engages this as its insidious and certain engine.

We are now led to the next Chorus, of which both words and music of this number are introductory.

No. 5.—Here we have the accusation of Stephen embodied in a Chorus of the People of Jerusalem. This comprises alternate declarations to the Council and addresses to the prisoner, the

unanimous rendering of the former of which presents well the vehement earnestness of the excited multitude, as does the fugal treatment of the latter their impatience each to have a voice in the taunts to which he is submitted,—each to be foremost in charging him personally with the outrage for which they demand vengeance. The dramatic power thus displayed could not be exceeded, and the technical treatment of the scene equals the poetical purpose with which it is conceived.

The fierceness of the infuriated crowd, who rushing tumultuously, without regard of place or person, into the judgment hall, eagerly denounce their intended victim as a blasphemer against Moses and against God,—their charge to him, "Did we not enjoin and straightly command you that you should not teach in the name you follow? and lo! you have filled Jerusalem with these unlawful doctrines,"—and their turning wildly again with their first appeal to the Council, this is depicted with a living truthfulness that brings the raging multitude in actual existence before us, and makes us know and feel how terrible is the power of the bad passions of man, and how dreadful an engine are they to set in action. Thus much is comprised in what we may esteem the First Part or division of the movement; and the malignant scorn with which Stephen is still regarded when the voices cease—and the looks of hatred cast upon him are even more redundant of vengeance than the limited words—is not less powerfully presented in the few threatening bars of symphony with their entirely unique and most poignant instrumentation.

Less irritated, and therefore much more dignified in character, is the episode for male voices in which the accusation against Stephen is directly preferred. A transient modulation into C at the words "Destroy all these our holy places," is one of the brightest points in the whole Chorus, and one that derives from its great simplicity a power to which nobody can be insensible.

The multitude is not to be restrained. With violent agitation, aggravated by its temporary suppression, the mass of the people resume their original of denunciation, and the dramatic and the musical effect of this recurrence of the chief theme of the movement are both heightened by the addition of a florid counterpoint of semiquavers against the Subject that is admirably sustained. The resumption of the episodic idea, now distributed among the full chorus, and supported by the agitated accompaniment of the string instruments, forms a climax to the close of the movement that seems to raise this grand point of culmination still higher and higher as it approaches it, and then, the repetition of the very individual bars for the orchestra that seem, in their tone of exultant derision, to anticipate the tortures with which the martyr is menaced, this very powerful conception is concluded.

No. 6.—A few bars of Recitative for soprano, resuming the narrative, tell how they look upon his face, and it is like the face of an angel (an expression most gracefully rendered in the music), and how the High Priest demands if these charges be true, his words being separated from the more indifferent tone of relation in the third person by an impressive change of key, and by a slower and consequently more impressive enunciation.

Stephen's defence is rendered in a grand declamatory Recitative for tenor, that as a piece of musical eloquence, is scarcely to be reached by the highest eulogium with which enthusiastic admiration could attempt to do it justice. Commencing with the majestic calmness that is inspired by conscious right and complete mastery of the subject upon which he is to discourse, the orator gradually rises with the development of his theme in warmth of expression and energy of delivery, until the flood of his speech would seem to have accumulated such intensity of power as must bear down all before it. One cannot too much admire the consummate art wherewith this is embodied, but, the more one must admire, the less can one define. The felicitous artifice of the frequent repetition, at irregular periods, of the two bars of symphony that introduce the character of Stephen, each repetition being successively in a higher and higher key—thus much admits of description—all

else of the forcible treatment of this impressive scene must be left to the appreciation of the hearer.

The multitude awed by the fervid eloquence of their purposed victim, and feeling the growing influence of his words, become impatient of a power that may be withdrawn but cannot be resisted. In low mutterings, that bespeak how much less is their *can* than their *will* to oppose him, they interrupt what they are unable to answer with murmurs of "Take him away!" Then, gaining assurance from the sound of their own voices, and mutual encouragement from the coward's panoply—the knowledge of physical superiority, they break forth in a fierce exclamation of a life-thirsty fanaticism, "He shall perish."

Passing directly from the harmony of E flat to the second inversion of D, the first employment of this major tonic, the single voice of Stephen is introduced with an effect of beautiful, of glorious radiance, that, to say the least—and words could say no more—realizes the idea his language conveys, where he declares, "Lo! I see the heavens open, and the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of God."

How far the immediate dispersion of the visionary brightness may be more or less true to the situation, or more or less necessary as a means of Art to certify its brilliancy, and how far the whole musical idea may be more or less analogous to that which first introduces Anna and Ottavio in the setet in *Don Giovanni*, I leave for the speculation of those whose delight in present beauty is sufficiently temperate to allow them to turn from its contemplation to theorize upon its source:—for me, I am content to admire and to acknowledge.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 17, 1853.

A NEW VOLUME of this journal will commence with the number for Saturday, October 8th. Just the beginning of the musical season, and just the time for new subscribers to begin to read our paper. We trust our friends, who are satisfied that this paper is worth sustaining, will use a little effort to induce others to subscribe.

^We would also state, for the benefit of those who may wish to keep connectedly such mirror of the musical times as we have given for the eighteen months past, that we have a good supply of all the back numbers on hand, with bound volumes of the first year.

M. Fétis's Musical Testament.

A recent number of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* opens with an article, yet to be continued, by the veteran Fétis, under the heading of *Mon Testament Musical*. Of course it cannot but be interesting as the formal summing up of a long life spent in the most earnest study and elucidation of the entire history of music. M. Fétis may be said to have been the creator of a voluminous musical literature. (See a short sketch of his life in our Journal of July 23d.) He has given a great impulse to musical learning and criticism. M. Fétis is an eclectic in his tastes; not a man of genius perhaps; not always quick to appreciate genius under new forms; not prone to enter into the profounder spiritual sense of Art; and yet no man is so well qualified, from actual acquaintance with all that has been done in music since it began to be an Art, to judge of what musicians do in our day, and no man has done more to point out the beauties and the worth of genuine music in the various schools that one by one have been passing out of date. He has brought many an old forgotten tone-picture out of the shades of the past, and shown that the colors laid on by the hand of genius, even in its days of small means,

are still warm and fresh in the light of the eternal sun. We can forgive some egotism, some intolerance of innovating Wagners, and so forth, in his old days; for he has probably surveyed and traversed the vast field hitherto, and looked it into unity from his own mental focus, till he comes to fancy himself a sort of proprietor and keeper, and grows jealous of "Young Germany's" or young anybody's right of entrance.

The glance which M. Fétis, in this "last will and testament," casts back over the history of Music, (having identified himself enough with it all along to make it seem to him, no doubt, the history of his own life), is interesting and instructive. Seen by the light of the obvious principle which he says he has deduced from it as the basis of his whole musical theory, the various schools and steps of progress become clear and palpable. That principle is simply this: that in music there are always two things, the sentiment and the form; the forms may change and become obsolete, but the inspiring sentiment, the *genius* of a composition, however limited its means, if it *have* genius, always retains its value and its charm. Hence M. Fétis's eclecticism.

He begins with very old examples, when all music, sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, was limited to the old church modes. Being without semi-tones, and without the element of dissonance, it was without attraction, without the tendency of one harmony to pass into another, without modulation, and without impassioned accent:—in short, it lacked what in these days is called expression. Yet there was true music in the old Gregorian *plain song* and what was built upon it. If it had not the dramatic, passionate expression of our modern music, it had an expression of its own, which made it a sublime Art. "Essentially calm, majestic or sweet, by reason of its consonant harmony, it gave to prayer sometimes a character of grandeur and immobility, in harmony with the idea of the Creator; sometimes of resigned devotion; and sometimes of fond invocation. It was prayer in its truest, strictest sense, the most analogous to its object."

"Examine this music on its worldly side, and you will see that, though deprived of all means of dramatic expression, because this expression lies entirely in the passionate accent which only exists in harmonic attraction (or modulation), it has other advantages inherent in its system of tonality: for example, a naïve simplicity, a certain sweet gayety, sometimes quaint or grotesque. In the dance it is graceful and a little melancholy; for the dance of those times did not go by leaps and bounds like that upon our lyric stage. Songs for three, four, five or six voices, madrigals, characteristic dances and fantasies 'to be sung or played on instruments'; such was all the secular music that the ancient tonality could produce. It is not without its charm, to one who understands it. Musicians, who only comprehend the musical forms of their own epoch, find nothing but dryness, hardness, and puerile attempts at imitation and canon in all the works of this old Art; they cannot be persuaded that it has any invention; and they regard the artists who produced it as men but little advanced, who, without genius, by these mechanical labors prepared the way for the later progress of music. To them it appears all cast in the same mould; in every piece they find only the same things; nothing but counterpoint; and the free fancies of the Neapolitan

frottole and *canzoni*, the Italian *madrigali*, the German *geistliche* and *weltliche Lieder* (spiritual and worldly songs), the French *chansons*, the motets and the masses, all seem to them but tedious applications of these forms of counterpoint, little different from one another.

"If this were so, how comes it that certain artists were universally pronounced great men in their Art? At the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, Josquin Desprès excited the admiration of all Europe; Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, France, England and Spain declared him the greatest of musicians. Something must have distinguished him from his contemporaries, Alexander Agricola, Compère, Dujardin, and others,—all able men and enjoying much esteem. Musicians make what they can of notes, said Luther; Josquin alone makes what he pleases. Josquin wrote counterpoint like the rest of them; what then distinguished him from others, unless it be his genius, which into well-known forms knows how to put ideas entirely individual? These ideas, this individuality we can still recognize in his works. Josquin felt the influence of his time, like every artist. Subjected to the old tonality, before the complete scale was formed; placed in an order of ideas which considered melody of small importance and placed the highest end of Art in the harmonic development of a theme under certain conventional forms; finally, continuing the absurd tradition which chose for the subject of church music the melodies of popular songs with their obscene words, still this great artist showed that there was something in him that lifted him above the conditions of the Art of his time. His mind led him to a certain satirical tendency, as is seen by the spiritual buffooneries with which he has filled the mass entitled *la, sol, fa, re, mi*, which he composed to avenge himself upon a seigneur too forgetful of his promises. Yet he knew how to handle serious subjects with a gravity without example before him. We see remarkable proofs of it in his *De profundis*, in his *Miserere* and his *Stabat Mater*. These compositions are not treated from the dramatic stand-point of our actual musicians: but Josquin has given them a sombre tinge, not only by the character and movement of his harmony, but also by placing it in the gravest chords for each species of voice.

"Formed by his example, his successors perfected the details of the forms he had invented, softened certain relations of the intervals which he had not completely managed, and arrived thus by degrees at the time when a reform in Art, made necessary in regard to certain traditions which choked all good taste and good sense, was effected by two illustrious musicians who shared the empire of the musical Art; I speak of Palestrina and Orlando di Lasso. Without going beyond the limits of the old tonality, both of them imagined kinds of music, sacred and profane, analogous to the sentiment expressed by the words; they broke with the gross traditions repulsed by this sentiment, and arrived by different qualities at the same end. More pure, more chastened in his style, melancholy, and perhaps a little mystical, Palestrina has more of unctious, more of depth in his devotional expression; while Lasso, or Lassus, more abundant in ideas, more various in form, more bold, more vehement, produces perhaps more effect and has a certain something more like originality. Both created an enthusiasm among their contemporaries and have

preserved their just renown from generation to generation. Popes, kings, princes, grand seigneurs, artists, citizens and peasants, all considered them the greatest musicians of their time, and courted them with all sorts of distinctions. Yet other artists of great worth were living in the time of Lasso and of Palestrina; like them, they gave their works the forms of masses, motets, madrigals and *chansons*; these two men were superior, in that they inspired in their times the same outbursts of enthusiasm, which we see caused by the works of some celebrities of our time. Under these same forms of counterpoint, the common patrimony of all musicians, they had introduced something which distinguished them from others, something individual, original,—in a word, *ideas*.

"In fact, there are but two things in Art; to wit, the idea and the form: the idea, imperishable and always young; the form variable and growing old. . . . Few artists are creators of ideas; many cultivate the form with success. . . . The first are the rare men of genius; the others are the estimable talents whose works preserve an honorable place in the regard of posterity. After these comes the vulgar crowd, who, barren of ideas and imprisoned within formulas, see their productions die faster than they beget them."

M. Fétis proceeds to find the same thing true of composers who "lived the new life" of the modern tonality, or musical tone-system. With the introduction of semi-tones, of dissonance, of modulation, music acquired a passionate accent; dramatic expression became the end of Art; the old madrigals and *chansons* for three to six voices were abandoned for the song for one voice, accompanied by the spinet, lute, theorbo, or guitar; the aria, the cantata and the duo took their place. Each of those pieces aimed to express a sentiment; each became a little drama, like the French *romances* and the German *Lieder* of to-day. Instrumental music, too, became emancipated from the voice and acquired an individual character; it tended to a sentimental expression and gradually assumed the larger forms and the complete development of an instrumental drama, or symphony. The accent of passion appeared also in the music of the church, in the motets for one or two voices, accompanied for the first time by the organ. Violins and violas were soon added. Sacred texts were set to music of a dramatic expression, and the *Credo* of the mass, the *prose* of the dead, the penitential psalms, the *Stabat Mater*, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, became at length veritable dramas.—Now, in this new world, as in the old, there were some men of genius, who created ideas, amongst a great many more men of mere taste and talent, who only cultivated and perfected the form. The idea and the form, these two conditions of the beautiful, the one eternal and the other changeable, did in the new Art what they had done in the old; they have bequeathed to us imperishable beauties, by reason of the vital ideas clothed in the form or fashion of the times.

"These principles and observations," continues M. Fétis, "fruits of long studies and incessant meditations, were long ago my own, when, about the year 1821, a sort of vertigo, in France in imitation of Italy, got possession of most of the artists and amateurs of music, through the enthusiasm which the operas of a great artist had excited;—an enthusiasm which soon turned all heads likewise in southern Germany, in Spain, in Eng-

land, and even in America. Nothing could be more legitimate than the admiration inspired by the real and great beauties that shine in the productions of the author of the *Barbier de Seville*, of *Otello* and of *Guillaume Tell*; but the admiration of the multitude is like the religion of fanatics: it thinks it cannot honor its idol but by breaking the altars of the other gods before it. It was not enough that Rossini was declared one of the greatest musicians of his age; to hear men talk, you would have thought there was no other, and that music was born with him. Pamphlets were published to demonstrate that Paisiello, Cimarosa, Mozart even, had had some talent in their day" [this sounds like the reports of certain musical lectures in New York last winter, and like recent criticisms in the *Tribune*], "but that they had done nothing but prepare the way for the progress of music; that the musical world had been for centuries awaiting its Messiah, and that he was born at last, and came clad in the figure of Rossini. The worst of it was, that artists of some real merit, shaken by the prevailing fashion, and having little faith in what constitutes the real beauty of Art, abandoned what there was individual and available in their own talent, to devote themselves to imitation of the form which then enjoyed the favor of the world. I say to imitation of the form, since only that is ever imitated; the idea exists only by its character of pure creation; repeated it may be, but never imitated."

We shall see how this great freshet and ensuing fever of Rossini-ism operated upon our learned eclectic, and what barriers M. Fétis set about erecting to keep back the deluge and restore the tranquil reign of sound and catholic taste. We have not yet received the end of the Will, to say nothing of the codicils that may follow.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Music in Boston is at its lowest ebb, until the tide of music-loving population flows back from the mountains and the sea-shores, which it already begins to do.—The military bands, pleased with their summer success, have volunteered each one more evening performance on the common.—The "Hutchinson Family" are singing to their crowds in the new Tremont Temple, and the hall is much admired for its acoustic qualities, its lighting, &c.—But the notes of preparation are sounding; the "season" is coming upon us with a rush. Advertisements of coming concerts, showy Jullien placards and portraits, are rivaling each other. JULLIEN will give us a fortnight of his music in the Boston Music Hall, beginning about the 24th of October. The "GERMANIANS" commence their winter campaign at the same time. Chamber concerts, oratorios, &c., are quietly preparing.

There are now three Song Unions of Germans in our city: viz. the "Liederkrantz," of several years standing; the "Sengerbund," about a year old; and the "Mænnerchor," recently formed.

New York.

A whole column of advertisements in the *Tribune* shows that it is now the very heyday and high noon of music in New York. MARETZEK, with STEFFANONE, SALVI, MARINI, BENEVENTANO, &c., (but without SONTAG), opens a new operatic season at Niblo's on Monday; the piece is *I Puritani*.—Mme. SONTAG announces a concert at Brooklyn, and a new series of concerts, from New York outwards.—GOTTSCALK has his card out for concerts early in October.—OLE BULL, whose concert for the New Orleans sufferers yielded a large sum, gave a second grand concert Thursday evening on his own account, with PATTI and STRAKOSCH, the programme much as usual.

The baroness JULIE DE BERG, pianist from Vienna,

gave on Thursday a second concert in Metropolitan Hall, and played Thalberg, Liszt, Schulhoff, Henselt and De Meyer. She had PAUL JULIEN and the Italian troupe to aid.

Finally, the great JULLIEN continues to draw nightly throngs to Castle Garden, giving each night an overture, a movement from a symphony, an operatic fantasia, a plenty of astonishing quadrilles and polkas, two or three solos from his best artists, and two or three songs by ANNA ZERR, who (shame to say) stooped to pick up one night and sing "Old folks at home," for the b'hoys; one would as soon think of picking up an apple-core in the street. The *Home Journal* talks of Jullien as follows:

JULLIEN'S Concerts present four features, namely, selections from the works of the "classical composers," eccentric compositions, by Jullien himself; singing by Mademoiselle Zerr; and instrumental solos, wonderfully performed by Bottesini, Koenig, Reichart, Lavigne, Colinet, and Wulle. M. Jullien's mode of conducting the orchestra, we may add, forms a fifth and very remarkable feature of the entertainment. His action serves as a kind of visible accompaniment to the invisible sounds. He seems to swell, to rise, and subside with the music of the piece. He appears to woo the softer strains with a pleading gesture, to beckon the music from the distant instruments, to "ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm" of sound which his imperious wand evokes. The orchestra, even on the earlier nights of the season, was perfectly drilled and entirely "up" to its novel work. One of the new effects introduced by Jullien into orchestral performances, is this—the musicians, in certain passages, sing as well as play. He has likewise acted upon a hint given by Handel, who said, he would introduce discharge of artillery into his choruses, if it were possible. Jullien has not been able to achieve this; but he has come as near to it as possible, by the introduction of immense drums and other monster instruments. One or two other singular (and comical) effects contrived by Jullien, cannot by any arrangement of words be described. The compositions which have been most popular, so far, are the National Quadrilles, the Irish, the English, the American, etc. These quadrilles are blendings together of national airs, and are both ingeniously arranged and magnificently performed. Mlle. Zerr has made a considerable, but not very marked, impression upon the New-York public. She is a tall, finely formed, and good-looking woman, with a voice of remarkable power and clearness in its upper notes. She is chary of ornament, and adheres closely to the score. Of the solo instrumental performers, it is impossible to speak too highly. M. Bottesini extorts effects from the double-bass, which would be wonderful if produced upon the violoncello. M. Reichart plays the flute faultlessly and incomparably. Herr Koenig "sings" with his instrument, the cornet-a-piston. In a word, Jullien's concerts are thoroughly enjoyable. They go off with a spirit, a dash, a sparkle and a rapidity not attained by any other conductor that we have had among us. They combine just those proportions of the classic and the popular, which render them pleasing and satisfactory to the scientific musician and the general public.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season came to a close on Saturday (August 20) with a remarkably good performance of Rossini's *Guglielmo Tell*. The house was crowded. On no occasion has the music of this splendid opera been more thoroughly enjoyed. The overture, the tenor solo in the duet ("Dove vai?") between Tamberlik and Ronconi, the slow movement of the grand trio for the same, with Zelger (who was the substitute for Formes in the part of Walter), and the A minor chorus in the meeting of the cantons (*finale Act II.*), were all redemanded unanimously. The "Corriam, corriam," ("Suez moi") created a *furor*; and Tamberlik was twice recalled, amid enthusiastic cheering. Madame Castellan sang the beautiful air "*Scelta opera*," which she always sings well, better than ever; and the histrionic genius of Ronconi shone conspicuously in the scene where Tell shoots the apple from the head of his son by order of the tyrannical Gessler—who could not possibly have an abler representative than Tagliafico. Lucchesi, Polonini, Mlle Bellini, and Mlle Cotti, in the minor characters, all did their best; and the band and chorus were more than up to the mark. In short, the general execution of Rossini's masterpiece was worthy of a great theatre; and the Royal Italian Opera took leave of its subscribers and the public until next year with *éclat*. After the opera the National Anthem was performed, Madame Castellan singing the solo verses. A call was then raised for Mr. Costa, who came forward, and was loudly applauded.

With one slight exception, every promise contained in the prospectus issued in the month of March, has been fulfilled. The one exception is to be found in the advertised list of singers—Mlle. Donzelli, a *soprano*. In her place, moreover, the management brought forward Mme. Tedesco, whose success in the *Prophète* was a matter of importance to the theatre. Of six operas new to the repertoire, which were named in the prospectus, it was announced that not less than three would be produced. Three were really produced—*Rigoletto*, *Boccaccio Cellini*, and *Jessonda*. The other three—*Mutilda di Shobran* (Rossini), *Don Sebastian* (Donzelli), and *Juana Shore* (Bonetti),—may stand for further consideration.—*Times*.

GERMAN OPERA.—A German troupe opened at Drury Lane on the 22d of August, with a large and efficient orchestra and chorus, and Herr Formes, Herr Reichart, Mme. Zimmerman, and Mme. Caradori, as principal singers. The latter lady (not Caradori Allan) is said to be an artist of considerable repute in Italy, Germany and Turkey. The *Musical World* says:

She possesses a fine and powerful soprano, uses it admirably, and is altogether a singer of no ordinary pretensions. As an actress she has energy, abandon, and purpose. She moves well, she stands well, and poses well—which proves, satisfactorily, she does not impose. Moreover, she is natural and easy. As a woman, Mme. Caradori is moulded large, but she is moulded well and significantly. Mme. Caradori is a decided acquisition to the operatic stage.

The opera was *Freischütz*. Formes was Caspar, Reichart, Max; Mme. Zimmerman, Anna; and Mme. Caradori, Agatha.

The Caspar of Formes is a grand and picturesque impersonation; and never was it grander or more picturesque than on Monday evening. Formes was encored in the famous drinking song, and in the splendid "revenge" scena he was boisterously applauded.

Herr Reichart made a capital Max. It was the first time we had seen the popular concert singer on the stage, and the impression he made was decidedly favorable. He is perfectly at home on the boards, and feels quite at his ease in opera. The magnificent song, "O, I can bear my fate no longer,"—one of the finest tenor airs ever written—he gave with so much unexaggerated feeling and expression, that the first movement was unanimously redemanded. He was excellent in the incantation scene.

Madame Zimmerman made a lively and agreeable Anna. She sang her two charming songs with point and facility, and was warmly greeted.

Madame Caradori's grand *coup* was, as a matter of course, in the long and arduous scena in the second act.—She sang it like a musician and a vocalist, and was received with cheers by the whole house. She became a favorite with her first essay.

Herr Doering—who played Zamiel last year—was it?—at the Royal Italian Opera, appeared as the fiend huntsman on this occasion.

The performance throughout was received with the utmost demonstrations of delight and good humor.

On Thursday evening *Lucrezia Borgia* was given in the Italian language; and, although we trembled for the performance, coming so soon after the gorgeous display at Covent Garden, it was really so excellent, that our fears were soon numbed into insensibility. The cast of the principal parts may be guessed:—Madame Caradori, Lucrezia; Herr Reichart, Gennaro; Herr Formes, Duke Alphonso. A lady, whom the bills—neither Missing, Madaming, nor Mademoiselle—entitled Adelaide Weinthal, appeared as Maffeo Orsini.

FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.—Bosio and Tedesco have both gone to Paris; Mme. Julienne has returned to Barcelona; Castellan to her old post at Lisbon, where she is to sing again with the English tenor, Swift. Tamberlik goes to St. Petersburg. Bettini is singing at La Scala, in Milan.

GERMANY.—A grand musical festival is to be held at Carlsruhe on the 20th and 21st of this month, under the direction of LISZT. The programme mostly favors the new tendencies in music, and includes the overture to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, with selections from his *Lohengrin*; Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony, and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

Advertisements.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

GRAND CONCERTS! The GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully announce to their friends and the public of Boston and vicinity, that they give a Series of TEN GRAND CONCERTS, at the

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In order to prevent the confusion and disappointment experienced upon the unusual demand for tickets last season, ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER of subscription tickets will be issued. A package of thirty tickets to be used at pleasure, \$10; half packages, containing fifteen tickets, \$5. Subscription papers are now open at all the Music Stores and principal Hotels. The issue of tickets will commence at Wade's Music Store on the 8th of October.

Sept. 17. tf
SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House. Sept. 17.

SOPRANO SINGER.

A YOUNG LADY is desirous of procuring a situation as a Soprano Singer in a Quartet Choir, by the 1st of October. Application to be made to Miss Fanny Frazer, care of G. P. Reed & Co., Tremont Row. Aug. 20.

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Jan. 8.

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